

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* You spie, what doe you spie : come, giue me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Pan.* My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

*Hel.* She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

*Pan.* Hee? no, theese none of him; they two are twaine.

*Hel.* Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

*Hel.* I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

*Pan.* I you may, you may.

*Hel.* Let thy long be loue: this loue will vndoe vs el.

*Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

*Pan.* Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

*Par.* I good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

*Pan.* In good troth it begins so.

*Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:*  
*For O loues Bow,*  
*Shootes Backe and Doe:*  
*The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,*  
*But tickles still the sore:*  
*These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;*  
*Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,*  
*Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:*  
*So dying loue lues still,*  
*O ho a while, but ha ha ha,*  
*O ho grones out for ha ha ha---hey ho.*

*Hel.* In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eates nothing but doves loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

*Sweete Lord whose asfield to day?*

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gailantry of Troy. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my Noll would not haue it so.

*Hel.* He hangs the lippe at somethings; you know all Lord Pandarus?

*Pan.* Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

*Youle remember your brothers excuse?*

*Par.* To a hayre.

*Pan.* Farewell sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Commend me to your Neece.

*Pan.* I will sweete Queene.

*Par.* They're come from fieldes: let vs to Priams Hall

To greete the Warriors. Sweete Hellen, I must woe you, To helpe vnarme our Hector: his stubborne Buckies,

With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,

Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more Then all the Hand Kings, disarm great Hector.

*Hel.* 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant Paris: Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,

Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue: Yea ouer shines our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue thee.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.*

*Pan.* How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen Cressida?

*Man.* No sir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter Troilus.*

*Pan.* O here he comes: How now, how now?

*Troy.* Sirra walke off.

*Pan.* Haue you seene my Cousin?

*Troy.* No Pandarus: I shalke about her doore Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes

Staying for wastage. O be thou my Charon, And giue me swift transporance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings, And flye with me to Cressid.

*Pan.* Walke here ith Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

*Exit Pandarus.*

*Troy.* I am giddy; expectation whirles me round, Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,

That it inchantis my fence: what will it be When that the watry pallats taste indeede

Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me Sounding destruction, or some joy too fine,

Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse, For the capacite of my ruder powers;

I feare it much, and I doe feare besides, That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,

As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes The enemy flying.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow

*Exit Pand.*

*Troy.* Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome: My heart beates thicker then a fearous pulse,

And all my powers doe their bestowing loose, Like vassalage at vnawares encountering

The eye of maiestie.

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what neede you blush? Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now

to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone againe, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you ith filds: why doe you not speak

to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture. Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light and

'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for

all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.

*Troy.* You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele becaue you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your actiuitie in question: what billing againe? here's in witness whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Troy.* O Cressida, how often haue I wisht me thus?

*Cres.* Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

*Troy.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

*Cres. More*

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Cres.* More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

*Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

*Cres.* Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

*Troy.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Not nothing monstrons neither?

*Troy.* Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe seas, lue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition

inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstruositie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten;

and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?

*Troy.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion shall haue

a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what enue can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;

and what truth can speake truest, not truer then Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* What blushing still? haue you not done talking yet?

*Cres.* Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Troy.* You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word

and my firme faith.

*Pan.* Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

*Cres.* Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troilus, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

*Troy.* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that euer pardon me,

If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I loue you now, but not till now so much

But I might maister it; in faith I lye: My thoughts were like vnbridled children grow Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,

Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs When we are so vnsecret to our selues?

But though I lou'd you well, I wo'd you not, And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;

Or that we women had mens priuiledge Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speake

The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes

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*Troy.*

*Pan.*

*Cres.*

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